

## so good for me by imasloppybitch

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**Summary:**

this is another fic w/ too many words to say that richie & eddie love each other & are married & have a fulfilling sex life.

it's a slow start b/c i also just love them being domestic & married.

## **so good for me**

“Hey Eds,” Richie called as he walked through the door. It was late, but not as late as usual, and he heard his husband tapping away on his laptop in the guest-bedroom-turned-office.

“Hey babe,” Eddie shouted across the apartment. “How was your day?”

Richie laughed to himself. He dropped his bag by the entrance, on top of the shoes he’d already taken off. He had a stack of mail in his hand, looking through the senders on each one as he walked into the office.

“Good, yours?” he asked, leaning against the open door frame.

“Good,” he looked away from his computer. “Sorry, I’ve got this meeting with a big client next week, they want us to explain their premium hike for next year. I mean, they’re gonna sign with us again, they’ve signed with us for the past nine years, but I have to put together this explanation of their expansion and analyze the-”

Richie started fake snoring at that point. Some days, he actually did like to hear Eddie talk about work- especially the weird videos the claims department sends him. But this part wasn’t so fun. Plus, it wasn’t the first time he’d heard about this meeting. Plus, he had more exciting news.

“Hey!” Eddie shouted. He laughed and closed his laptop.

“Okay, thank god that’s over,” Richie said with a grin. He held up a small letter from his fingertips.

“What’s that?” Eddie asked.

“Well, I’m pretty sure it’s something about a wedding.”

“A wedding?”

“It’s addressed To Mr. Kaspbrak & Mr. Tozier.”

“Okay, and...”

“From Mr. And Mrs. Hanscom.”

“Oh shit!” Eddie laughed. “Are you trying to say they eloped?”

“Yes, and-” Richie pinned the rest of the mail against his torso with his arm as he opened this letter. Eddie crossed the room to get a look at it. “It says they’re having a sort of reception, they want us to RSVP.”

“Oh they look cute!” Eddie said as he skimmed the invitation upside down. He hummed softly and said, “Mr. Kaspbrak and Mr. *Tozier*... So I guess they don’t know we beat them to the punch?”

“How would they? Stan’s the only one I told.”

“You told Stan? I thought we were gonna see how long we could stretch out the secret!”

“Sorry, handsome, I was excited!”

“God, you’re too cute to be mad at.”

“Remember that next time I call out your mom’s name in bed.”

“I take that back.”

“Knew you would,” Richie said, he smiled and leaned forward to kiss Eddie.

“Okay, so we can never tell them.”

“Why not? It’ll be hilarious to show them up!”

“We have to wait until after their reception, then.”

“We should throw a reception! Same day!”

“Babe, we absolutely should not. I’ll leave you stranded at the altar.”

“You would not!”

“I would too! And I’d make you change your name back.”

“You can’t make me-”

“Oh I can’t?” Eddie said, grinning at Richie with his brow raised.

Richie playfully put the back of his hand up to his forehead, “Oh, Eds, your tough manly ways make me swoon.”

“They literally do, so shut it,” Eddie said. He tugged the rest of the mail from beneath Richie’s arm and started to look through it.

“Nothing important.”

“Except the electric bill.”

“We get it online, babe, god what fucking year do you live in?”

“God, Richie, shut the fuck up,” Eddie said. He walked passed Richie to their kitchen, dropping the unopened (and admittedly unimportant) mail on the island.

“Shit, you’re hot when you’re stressed over work, have I ever told you that?”

“You have not,” Eddie said, he turned to face Richie and leaned back against the countertop. “But I’m not surprised.”

“See? That’s what I’m talking about. I love that cockiness,” Richie said with a grin. He walked towards Eddie until he was just a few inches away and put his arms around Eddie’s waist.

“I’ve got to get back to typing up that report,” Eddie said, but despite his protest he clasped his hands behind Richie’s neck.

“Yeah?” Richie asked, he leaned down and started kissing at Eddie’s jaw. “I thought you had til next week?”

“I do, but,” Eddie hummed softly and let his head fall back. “I can’t let you know how easily you can distract me. It’ll make your head too big. It’ll give you too much power.”

“Maybe you could put me back in my place?” Richie asked with a smile, kissing back up Eddie’s jaw before biting at his earlobe very

gently.

“I think you may need that,” Eddie hummed. He gently pushed Richie away from him so he could get a proper kiss. After letting both of them melt into the kiss, the familiarity and the comfort and the closeness, he pulled away. “How ‘bout you go to the bedroom? I’ll be in when I’m in.”

Richie groaned softly and leaned forward to kiss at Eddie’s neck again. “C’mon, Eds, no waiting game tonight.”

“Oh no?” Eddie asked sweetly. He then reached up into Richie’s curls and tugged at his hair roughly. “If I’m putting you in your place, I’m not doing it *your* way. Go wait in the bedroom.”

Richie huffed softly, but Eddie couldn’t help but notice the way he bit his bottom lip just before he made the protesting sound. Eddie pecked Richie’s lips and whispered for him to go one more time before Richie smiled and turned away. Richie sauntered with a very distinct, playful swing in his hips. Richie heard Eddie chuckle behind him.

When he was in the bedroom, Richie stripped down to his boxers. Eddie didn’t tell him to strip, but he was pretty sure Eddie would be happy about that. He even took the time to put the pile of clothes in the laundry basket. He laid on the center of the bed, listening carefully for Eddie’s steps. He heard Eddie in the kitchen and then the bathroom and then the living room. Jesus! Was Eddie just trying to torture him? It was working.

He was hard as shit and he hadn't even touched himself. He considered touching himself, but he was pretty sure if Eddie walked in on that he'd be unhappy. Some nights, Richie aimed to make Eddie a little bit angry before fucking, but tonight wasn't one of those nights. Eddie had been at work late every night Richie was home early and Richie had been home late every other night this past week or so because of the stupid fucking big client. Richie missed his husband. This was going to be the kind of night he'd do everything to make Eddie happy with him.

It was only maybe ten minutes, but that was a long time in Richie's world, especially with no concept of what Eddie was doing, when Eddie walked back in. The tie that had already been loosened was hanging around his neck completely undone. The top few buttons of his now untucked shirt already undone. Richie sat up a little straighter against the bed and grinned at him.

"Wow, somebody's aiming to please tonight, huh?" Eddie asked with a laugh. He placed his tie flat on the dresser. He'd put it away later.

Richie laughed and nodded, "I'm always tryin' to please you, Eddie. Whatever you want, I can do."

"I know, baby," Eddie said, he crawled onto the bed from the foot of the bed. He gently pushed Richie's legs apart as he kneeled in the spot he'd made for himself. He put his hand over Richie's hard cock in his boxers. "You've been so patient for me, haven't you?"

"You told me to wait," Richie said. He was still smiling faintly, but he didn't let out a laugh or make a joke. He hated when Eddie made him wait, but shit did it make him melt beneath Eddie as soon as he saw him again.



“Do you know what I was doing, baby? When I made you wait?”

Richie shook his head and reached out to run his hand through Eddie's hair.

“I was getting myself ready for you, honey. I think I should make sure you're ready for me,” he said as he purposefully pushed down a little harder against Richie's hard erection.

“Shit, fuck, babe,” Richie whispered through his lips, which were barely parted now, no longer smiling, because fuck that contact felt good. And the image of Eddie in the other room, touching himself, getting himself ready for Richie. Shit. That did something to him.

“You feel like you're already ready,” Eddie laughed. He gently pulled at the waistband of Richie's boxers. With Richie's help, he tugged them off, having to maneuver himself so he could pull them off fully. “You didn't touch yourself while you were waiting, did you?”

“No!” Richie said too quickly. He took in a sharp breath when Eddie wrapped his hand around him. “I swear! It's just from waiting, Eddie. I was just thinking about you, and how fucking lucky I am, and how fucking hot you are, and I-”

“I believe you,” Eddie said with a smile. His free hand landed on Richie's hip, gently massaging into the skin. “You're so good for me, Richie, aren't you?”

Richie let out a soft grunt and pushed his hips up into Eddie's hand, precome dribbling out of his head, Eddie let his thumb rub over the stickiness.

"You are, baby," Eddie whispered. "You're so good. You're so good for me."

Richie groaned and his head fell back against the headboard. Eddie smiled before lowering his mouth down onto Richie's cock. Richie let out a loud groan. Eddie's touch, that was one thing, but his mouth, holy shit. Eddie was good at blow jobs for all the reasons somebody would be good at blow jobs, but also because he *knew* Richie. He knew what Richie liked, what Richie's sounds and movements meant. Even the most subtle cues could shift Eddie's direction to do exactly what Richie wanted or needed. Not that Richie's cues were exactly subtle. Richie was moaning Eddie's name, telling him how good he felt, how much he loved him, how perfect he was. All the while, his fingers curled tighter and tighter in Eddie's hair, pulling at his hair whenever something felt exceptionally good, which was almost the whole time.

Richie felt close early on, but Eddie could tell that, and he adjusted his speed, and changed what he did with his tongue. Instead of pressing along the underside, he moved his tongue up to twirl around his head. When that was too much, he went back to lowering himself down completely onto Richie. He made soft gagging sounds, which Richie *never* imagined he'd hear from Eddie in his wildest wet dreams, and however many months later- it still drove him absolutely wild.

All good things come to an end, though, and when Richie started

shaking, letting out louder and louder moans, when his phrases of praise turned into single-worded nonsense, Eddie pulled his mouth off of him.

"Shit, Eddie," Richie said when Eddie pulled off of him. Richie was trying to catch his breath as Eddie shifted to sit beside Richie. As Eddie started to pull off his own clothes, Richie rambled, "That was so fucking perfect, you're fucking amazing, Eddie, I love you so goddamn much, I'm so fucking lucky to have you."

"You deserve it, Rich," Eddie said, smiling. "Lay down for me, baby."

Richie almost immediately shifted to lay flat on the bed. Eddie threw his clothes on the ground (he would pick them up later) before moving to put one knee on either side of Richie's hips, straddling him without lowering himself to make any sort of contact.

Richie immediately moved his hands up, ready to pull Eddie down for a kiss. Eddie let out a breathy laugh and put his hands on Richie's wrists, making a disapproving sound with his tongue. He guided Richie's hands to the headboard until Richie was holding onto the wood instinctively.

"You're not in charge," Eddie said matter-of-factly. He reached down and took Richie's glasses off, placing them on the bedside table, pecking his lips once they were put aside. Eddie continued, "You'll keep your hands on the headboard unless you want me to grab something to tie you up. Do you want that baby?" Richie quickly shook his head, he felt his cock twitch involuntarily. Eddie continued, "Okay, but if I have to stop in the middle to tie you up, I won't be happy about it."

They both knew that was a lie. Wherever a scene went, a scene went, but it still made Richie shiver.

"You won't, Eddie. I promise, baby, you won't," Richie was flustered, words coming out quickly with short breaths.

"I know, because you're so good. You're gonna lay there and let me use you to make myself feel good. I'm gonna fuck myself on your cock and you're gonna let me," Eddie said. He had one hand cupping Richie's cheek, the other combing through his hair. "Right, baby? Because you're so good for me, because you want to make me feel good?"

Richie's eyes were closed as he leaned into Eddie's hand on his cheek. He nodded and opened his eyes again to look back up at Eddie. He would have said something, but he was pretty sure his voice would shake, so he settled for a strangled whine.

"That's my good boy." Eddie leaned down again and kissed his husband. A little longer this time, a little slower, hovering his ass over Richie's hips, not giving him any contact yet.

When he pulled away from the kiss, Eddie sat up and took his hand from Richie's hair. He reached behind him to line Richie up with his ass. Usually, he was very against spit as lube, but he spent his whole time separate from Richie prepping himself, he was pretty sure he used enough lube to make himself comfortable. Eddie stayed hovering over Richie for a moment, Richie's thighs were shaking, he could feel Eddie's hole, he could feel how close he was. He could just lift his hips and get some relief, but he didn't. He was going to be so

fucking obedient, and he knew Eddie would make it worth his while.

“Oh fuck!” Eddie said, head falling back as he finally lowered himself, very slowly. It was just as much torture for him as it was for Richie.

“Fuck, Eddie, thank you, you feel so fucking good,” Richie mumbled. “Shit, thank you, thank you, thank you.”

Eddie moaned and continued to sink down at a painfully slow pace. When he finally bottomed out, he stayed still for a moment. Partially, allowing himself to adjust, partially making sure Richie didn't come right then and there. While stilled on top of Richie, he put his hand flat down on Richie's chest.

“So good,” Eddie murmured, his eyes fluttered shut and he ground his ass, bare minimum movement. “You feel so perfect inside me.”

Richie let out a whine, his fingers tightening around the headboard. He didn't know how long he could take the teasing, but he knew he'd try as hard as he could. His heels were digging into the bed, he could feel the blankets twisting around his legs as he did his absolute best not to thrust up to get some more movement.

Eddie groaned, he could feel Richie twisting and twitching beneath him. Using his hand on Richie's chest to give himself momentum, he lifted up just barely and dropped back down. He started slow and shallow, but Christ it was enough.

Richie started shouting out a string of curse words with Eddie's name sprinkled throughout with absolutely no genuine sense to their order or meaning. Eddie was moaning and Richie's shouting encouraged him to speed up. He wrapped one hand around his own cock, stroking himself slowly against the quicker pace of his hips, because he had to make himself last just a little bit.

"Fuck, you're so good," Eddie said between labored breaths, not bothering to wait for a break between Richie's own shouted words, because he knew there was no end. He continued, "Feel so fucking good."

Richie felt heat twisting in his stomach. He closed his eyes tightly, he felt ridiculously close to tears. Eddie started to quicken his hand around himself. He could tell how close Richie was getting, there was no use holding himself back for too long. He was letting out quiet grunts and moans.

"Eds, Eddie, baby, I'm close," Richie croaked out when he finally felt he was losing the battle. He opened his eyes and looked up at Eddie. Eddie's heart started to pound a little faster. Richie was teary-eyed, of course, he was looking up at Eddie with flushed cheeks and swollen lips. He was fucking *wrecked*.

"I know, baby, it's okay, it's okay," Eddie said. He pulled almost fully off and then slammed back down onto Richie, before going back to quicker, more shallow thrusts. "We're almost there, baby, we're almost there."

Richie whimpered and his feet kicked at the blankets. He wasn't trying to thrust into Eddie, but he did, and holy shit the surprise got them both. Eddie felt himself coming before he quite realized it was

happening. Thick strands shooting across Richie's stomach and chest.

"Holy shit, Richie!" Eddie panted out.

Eddie's cum on him, or his name being shouted out, or that extra bit of friction from thrusting up, or Eddie tightening around him- Richie wasn't sure what did it, but he was coming inside of Eddie without warning, without asking. His brows furrowed together, he could feel how ugly the face he was making was, but it didn't matter, because *holy shit had he ever felt this good in his life?*

He didn't even say anything as his hips pushed up again, he let out an absolutely uninhibited moan, followed by a grunt, followed by some loud panting. And everything literally went black for a moment. He was aware of Eddie pulling off of him. He felt his hands relax and drop down on the bed, still over his head. He could feel Eddie wiping his stomach off with a wipe they kept by their bed and the little kisses on his chest and shoulders. But holy shit, he needed a minute before becoming aware of the world again.

He opened his eyes slowly, his breathing was still labored, when Eddie was hovering over him, still wiping come out of the hair on his happy trail.

Richie reached his arms around Eddie's neck and pulled him down to lay on top of him. Richie was still breathing heavy, he still had tears in his eyes.

"I love you so fucking much," Richie whispered. His voice cracked. Maybe it was hoarse from shouting, maybe it was because of the

tears.

Laying on Richie's chest, Eddie peppered soft kisses on his chest and neck and mumbled, "I love you too, babe. So much. I think that was just what we both needed."

"Shit, Eds," Richie let out a breathless laugh. "Everytime we fuck, I think it won't get any better than last time, and then it does."

Eddie smiled and shifted upwards to kiss Richie's lips. He propped himself up and said, "I'm gonna tidy up and get ready for bed."

"I'm gonna stay right here."

"You're really not going to brush your teeth?"

"Absolutely not," Richie said, he rolled onto his side, tugging blankets haphazardly over himself when Eddie got off of him.

"You're disgusting," Eddie laughed before disappearing into the bathroom.

Richie closed his eyes and willed himself to finally catch his breath, breathing slowly in through his nose and out his mouth. He was drifting so close to sleep that it wasn't until he felt the bed dip that he realized Eddie was rejoining him.



With closed eyes, Richie blindly rolled closer to Eddie, trying to wrap his arms around him. Eddie laughed and shifted in Richie's hold until they were both comfortable. Eddie pressed a kiss against Richie's sweaty mess of curls.

"I love you, Eddie." Richie mumbled against Eddie's chest.

"I love you too, baby," Eddie whispered. He ran his hand through the back of Richie's hair. "I'm sorry work's been crazy."

"It's okay," Richie mumbled. He was too tired to get into this conversation, but it really was okay. Real life was going to hit them eventually. Richie was just glad real life problems were things like work and scheduling issues, not like eldritch horrors and homophobia.

"I know, but I miss you," Eddie mumbled. He sounded just as sad about it as Richie felt, which made Richie's stomach twist in the same way it had twisted whenever Eddie had shown any sign of liking him since childhood. Even after getting married, whenever he thought about Eddie liking him as much as he liked him... it was just unbelievable in the best way.

"I miss you, babes," Richie whispered. He didn't open his eyes, but he did start to rub Eddie's back. "Maybe we can take Ben and Bev's wedding as an excuse to take a long weekend, get away for a few days?"

"God you're so smart after a good fuck clears your head," Eddie

teased, Richie could hear him smiling at his own teasing joke.

“Well, you’re to thank for that,” Richie agreed with a laugh.

Eddie smiled and pressed a kiss into the top of Richie’s head again. Richie let out a content hum and let himself drift back into sleep, both of them thinking how lucky they were to be holding the other.